The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

Springtime in India

Vol. VI APRIL, 1933 No. 7

The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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JERUSALEM

By E. KANE, M.D.

ON the last twenty miles of the journey to Jerusalem everywhere is desolation. The hills rise abruptly with great cliffs, deep valleys and gorges on all sides; huge bolders; stones, stones, stones; very little grass. Here and there are caves in the rock made by stones falling down the hillsides. One sees on the far-off hilltops, a few clustered houses walled about by high stone fortifications. There are heavy, cold mists, but little or no water; even in the rainy season many of the deep gulleys remain dusty. No trees or shrubs abound, except for an occasional bush growing a few feet high, gray in color and adding to the somber tone of the land. As one rises above the mists into the clear cold air, suddenly, Jerusalem is seen at the very summit of the mountains, nestling down on one of the few gently rolling areas to be found so high up in the world.

To the southwest of Jerusalem lie gorges and mountains so steep a train can hardly puff up them; to the east, there is an abrupt drop to the Dead Sea 12 miles below; to the west are rough mountains; to the southeast, the one friendly bit of land is a gently rolling plain and valley looking toward Bethlehem on the hillside, four miles from the walls of Jerusalem. On this rocky plain grow grass—where sheep graze—and olive trees, scrub bushes, some tall thin trees, a few stunted pines—thistles. No roses or grape vineyards, no orange trees or apple orchards, exist here today. Possibly, Christ saw a country of towering cedars, a wild profusion of flowers, beauty on every side, with the walled Holy City of His people set in the midst thereof. Today, He would see the city, part of its wall still intact, set in a land, the vast majority of which, is desolation, barrenness, aridity.

Jerusalem is not a large city; one can walk from end to end in an hour. Outside the old city lies the new Jewish colony where people have modern homes and fair-sized yards. Inside the city, save for hotels and tourist places, is poverty. The streets of the native quarter are of rough cobblestones, filthy with the refuse of people and animals, so narrow in places that a donkey loaded with panniers of bread can scarcely pass a person; certainly, no automobile could squeeze through. The streets rise steeply or descend with steps galore. Above, overhanging balconies cut off the sunshine. In places the street is completely arched over and covered by out-jutting wings from the buildings; sometimes the whole block will be darkened save for four or five square holes left to give twilight-visibility to the areas below. In such sections the fruit markets are situated, charcoal fires adding slight illumination to the scene. Other streets are light from end to end, but very narrow. Some end as blind alleys. Such are the streets which Christ probably trod. The gates of the city, the wailing wall of the Jews, bits of the temple, all remain intact. Over half the city wall has fallen. Back of some of the most barren and desolate of the stone walls

PIETA FROM CHURCH OF SAN GERONIMO, GRANADA, SPAIN
Polychrome Sculpture in wood imputed to Alonzo Cano

lining the streets gardens bloom and lovely homes arise. In other places, small shops open into the streets; mean, crowded houses are wedged together; privacy is unknown. In the center of the city is a valley, so that to go from place to place one must climb many steps or descend steep cobbled streets. Carrying nothing, it is fatiguing to walk far in Jerusalem; with a load, it would be far worse.

About a mile beyond the city lie the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane. They are on a gently sloping hill. Olive trees still dot that hill and the stone upon which Christ is said to have prayed is there—a rather smooth, gray rock, 20 feet square.

Christ was taken from this garden to the court of Caiphas in Jerusalem and then to Pilate for judgment. There He was scourged and crowned with thorns. There were many points in that crown which crushed the head of Christ—long, sharp, tough, and capable of piercing to the bone. A heavy cross was given Him to carry from Pilate's hall, down a narrow cobbled alley, rough and steep. No blade of grass grew there, no birds sang above Him. The angry crowd jostled and hooted and jeered in that narrow, rough street. Down two blocks, then to the left in the valley for about half a block, then to the right, up and up, over rough stone stairs—arched over, partly dark—past many shops and small homes, for two and a half blocks, then to the left past two blocks of darkened market streets, then to the right a half block beyond the walls of the old city to the place of crucifixion—in the glare of a March tropical sun, spat upon, cursed, jeered at. No wonder He fell as, exhausted, He bore that cross over such streets. Then, "when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, they crucified Him.

His dead body was taken by those who loved Him and placed in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. The tomb is not a haughty mausoleum; it is not marble, nor has it precious stones. It is only an area in part of the stony hillside, an area hollowed out to form a hole six feet long by two and a half feet wide and two feet high. The opening at the head (or foot) was closed by cement and bricks. Such was the tomb of Christ. Today, cut from the solid rock, its outside resembles a small, rough-hewn gray stone coffin, undecorated, simple. But bricks and cement, a soldier guard, even death itself, could not hold Christ. He rose, conqueror of sin and death, Son of God and Redeemer of the World.

Coming from a land of squalor and poverty, a land accursed and arid, poorest of the poor, Christ rules today in the hearts of men from East to West and from pole to pole.

GOD WALKS IN GARDENS

God walks in gardens now as long ago
He walked in Paradise when evening lay,
A cool and fragrant presence there. I know,
Because He walked in mine but yesterday.

I know for in October I had just
Some dry, brown bulbs, a plot of spaded clay,
No more. And all I ever did was thrust
My bulbs into the earth and come away.

Now, Easter and, behold in queen's array
My hyacinths. In garments rare and fine,
Fashioned of withered bulb and clod of clay!
God walks in gardens. Who else walked in mine?

—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

EASTWARD BOUND

We hear from London that Mater Christi Medical Mission House had its first departure ceremony when Sister Ann Harley left to sail for India on Feb. 24th. Sister Ann left us in December, 1931, to help with the establishment of the English House and now she is off for new fields of missionary usefulness.

Sister Ann was received in the Society on Dec, 8, 1928. She came to us with the Degree of Bachelor of Science, the Cambridge Diploma in Education at Cork University, Ireland, her native land. While in Washington she completed the course in pharmacy at the George Washington University and successfully passed the required examinations for a registered pharmacist. She is our first registered pharmacist and one of our most accomplished members. She will join the staff at the Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi.

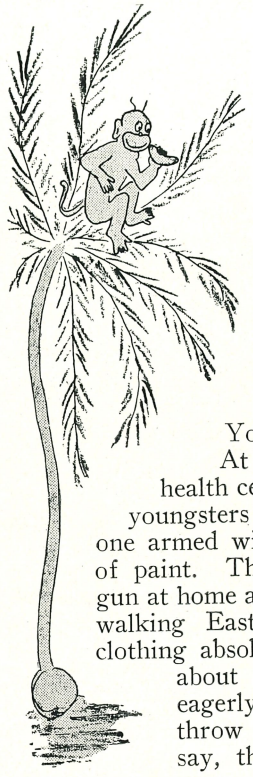
Letters from Home

Promote Medical Missions by subscribing to "The Medical Missionary." Subscription, $1 a year. Address, "The Medical Missionary," Brookland, Washington, D. C.

Foreign Subscriptions: 5/ a year. English Address: Mater Christi Medical Mission House, 98 Thornbury Rd., Osterley, London.

COLOR-THROWING DAY

By Sister M. Frances, R.N.



WE had sort of a chhutti (holiday) a few weeks ago during the color-throwing day of the Hindus. In Pindi, I don't believe that it ever is the wild affair that it is down here. About a week or ten days beforehand the bazaars were full of tin squirt guns, which were very cheap, and paint, resembling ochre, in bright red and purple. You can well imagine the rest! At 7.00 A. M. we went to the health centres as usual. The Hindu youngsters were out in full force, each one armed with a squirt gun and a pail of paint. Their color-throwing had begun at home and they looked like so many walking Easter eggs—hair, faces, and clothing absolutely covered. They went about in groups. Every group eagerly asked for permission to throw paint on us. Needless to say, they were emphatically discouraged. Some then went in search of new victims; others, not so polite, did their best to color us. We stayed at the center as much as possible. Outside a number of young boys were playing. They were dripping from head to foot. One, more adventurous than the rest, came into the centre with a pail full of black paint and a squirt gun about a foot long. We invited him to leave, but he wouldn't until Komalina poured his pail of paint into the drain. Whereupon, crying loudly, he went away.

About 2.30 p. m., when we were having our spiritual reading, we were interrupted by a terrible din—singing, shouting, ringing of bells, etc. The coolies of the hospital were celebrating. Clothed in red and their faces decorated with gold and silver, they sang and danced on the lawn for about an hour and then came for bakhshish. The sweepers serenaded us next, and last of all the mehtranian (women sweepers) who, though fewer in number, did their bit.

The celebrating went on into the night, ending, as usual, with some casualties, for whenever a Hindu threw paint on a Musselman, there was a fight. We have a Musselman boy for a bearer. Ordinarily, it takes a great deal of persuasion to keep him reasonably clean, but that day he was spotless.

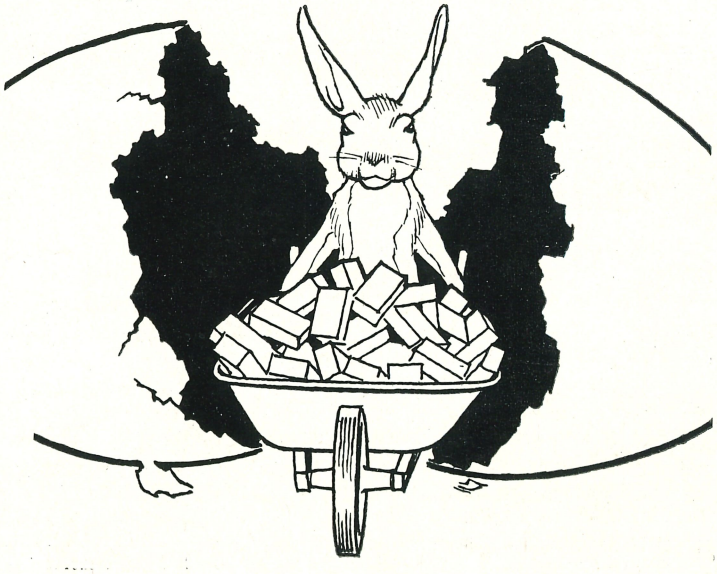
Certainly, it was quite a day and the Hindu god who is said to have originated this custom by celebrating his wedding days in this manner will have a great deal to answer for.

THE BOOK WALLAH

By Mary Nolan, F. R. C. S.

There are a great many book wallahs. Three times daily they come through the wards. They are almost like members of the staff. They bear the Calcutta dailies and all the latest sensational papers from England. The sales in the women's wards, however, are usually fashion papers from *Vogue* or *Home Notes,* and as they have an unending variety of such papers and the reading matter in them is scant, it is easy to see the need for frequent changes.

As all the designs for babies' clothes come from Europe no one need marvel at the suffering Anglo-Indian infant in Bengal. His relation would not believe that they were doing the right thing by him unless he had an outfit suitable for Europe, and northern Europe at that. The summer climate of Calcutta may be tropical, and the temperature in the wards may be 104 and the staff dripping with perspiration in the trying moist heat, still, baby must lie between wool pillows and wear hand-knitted woolies next his skin—perhaps many long petticoats,—the costume being completed by red socks done in coarse wool. The dhursie (tailor) being a genius, can copy any design, so mothers as a rule make use of him. The babies are usually in scant attire for the professor's round, but as soon as his car is gone, they are dressed to please the mothers,—Fashion always leading Hygiene to a back seat.



DR. AGNES McLAREN (1837-1913)

(Note—This is the continuation of the abridged translation from the French of the life of Dr. Agnes McLaren, the great pioneer doctor who initiated Catholic medical mission work in the Punjab.)

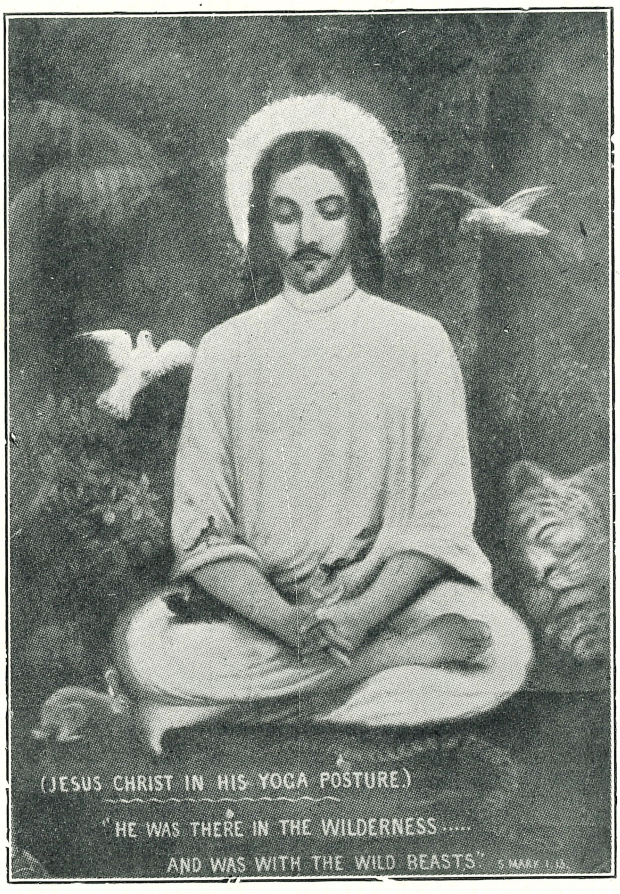
Synopsis: Dr. Agnes McLaren was the daughter of Duncan McLaren, a Presbyterian, who rose to be one of the most renowned citizens of Edinburgh. Her mother, Priscilla Bright, was a Quaker. As a young girl, Agnes was a devoted friend of the poor. Later she became, with her mother, very active in the Women's Suffrage Movement. At the age of 37 she decided that she could give greater service to humanity by becoming a doctor. As the University of Edinburgh had practically closed its doors to women medical students, she, upon the advice of Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning, went to Montpellier to study for her degree. There she received her doctor's degree and won the esteem of the Faculty. She boarded in Montpellier with the Franciscan Hospital Sisters and her private life was not only irreproachable, but almost austere. Though not a Catholic, she fasted on Fridays and was always mortified in regard to food.

In the last chapter we left Agnes, armed with her credentials, in Cannes, where there was an English Colony of some importance. Here she began her professional career.

CHAPTER VI

Leaning Toward Catholicism

At Montpellier, Agnes attended, by choice, the services of the Catholic Church and, wherever possible, she lived in a convent or religious house, the regularity and atmosphere of which she loved very much. In spite of that, she remained a Protestant and it is even said of her that she had promised herself never to become a Catholic.



There are many noble, upright souls who, not having been born in the Catholic church, the moment it comes into their lives or there is a question of submitting to its authority, pass through many strange states of mind of which they can give no account, either to others or to themselves. We have been mistaken once, they say to themselves, while adhering to such and such a form of Protestantism of which we now see the defects, shall we not be deceived again in accepting Catholicism with all its teachings to discover therein deficiencies and be obliged to look elsewhere for something better. For these and for other reasons Agnes hesitated. She had been told by some unwise and unscrupulous persons, she said, that she would have to give up her freedom of thought and judgment. Then, too, she had seen between some Catholics divisions and disputes contrary to the spirit of the gospel and she had met persons of zeal no doubt, but, wanting in that knowledge and tact in dealing with souls which is so admirably found in people like Cardinal Newman, Cardinal de Cabrières, etc.

She possessed no real knowledge of Catholic works, either of the spirit which animated them or of the virtues which developed within them or of the fruits which resulted therefrom. Agnes did not conceive of a more worthy end than mere corporal assistance, so she attributed a greater superiority to Protestant activities both as regards their conversions and their organization. She said that the interior Catholicism which she had adopted was preferable and more like the spirit of Our Saviour; that she would stay as she was, there was no question of renunciation. In spite of this, she had many interviews with Cardinals, Bishops, and distinguished priests.

It was a humble priest of Lyons, named Perra, a wise spiritual director, whom God elected to be the Ananias of this chosen soul. The work was long and painful. Yielding to earnest solicitations, he has described the different phases—making every effort to hide the part played by himself.

"When Miss Agnes McLaren was passing through Lyons, on her way to England, to spend Christmas," he says, "she stayed at the house of the Sisters of Providence in the vicinity of the parish of St. Bruno. She asked to speak with me. During our conversation I tried to dispel the prejudices under which she labored and to strengthen her convictions, but in vain. We separated politely and went our ways. I thought that was the end of it. What was my surprise the following year when I received a letter from her asking permission to make a retreat under my direction. Why had she chosen me, asked for me as a retreat master? I was the first to put the

question to myself and I have never been able to find a reasonable answer. My superior having given me permission, I consented and the retreatant came as arranged. Then took place the rather unusual retreat of a Protestant under the direction of a Catholic priest. Sometimes the question of renunciation came up, but was always rejected by her. On the other hand, from the moment she saw that she had a duty to perform, she set about it with all her energy. She was a soul of absolute candour, and of complete self-sacrifice. Although frail in appearance, she had a will of iron on which evil had never had the slightest hold.

"You will wonder what was the subject of this retreat? That is easily answered. There was no question of Confession or Communion. The conferences were usually on Christian Virtues. She wished to practice them in order to become more closely united with God, so that in becoming more holy, she might be capable of doing more good. I frequently put before her eyes the image of Our Saviour Jesus Christ to teach her to know and love Him. I also made her read a biography, for example, "The Life of Jesus," by Monsignor Bougaud. My object was to make her penetrate into His thoughts, His Heart, to experience His goodness and His love for us. I won her consent to her saying three Hail Marys each day, and I tried to show her from her "Book of Common Prayer" what part the Blessed Virgin played in the life of the Anglican Church showing how faithfully they still observed Our Lady's feasts such as her Nativity, Purification, etc."

This plan was extremely pleasing to Miss McLaren, both as regards the choice of subjects and the delicate way Father Perra avoided points which would only have antagonized her. All that he asked of her was not to take the attitude of a person who would not be enlightened.

Every year for nearly twenty years, when she made her annual trip to Scotland to visit her friends and relatives, she stopped at Lyons and made a retreat under Father Perra's direction. This went on until 1898, when without any outside influence, Agnes resolved to submit herself to one of those movements of grace of which St. Augustine has so well written: "Man is drawn to Christ when he takes his pleasure in truth, in justice, in eternal life: all things which belong to Christ."

In taking this step, she thought that her mother, Priscilla, an older and well-beloved brother, President of the Court of Appeal in Edinburgh, and many of her friends, without being surprised would perhaps be grieved at her action; but she had to follow the dictates of her conscience. She knew how, by redoubling her affection, to alleviate their pain, to obtain their pardon and silently to invite them to follow her.

Then, she prepared herself with the same care with which she did everything else. All being ready, with the full authorization and blessing of Cardinal Couillié, Archbishop of Lyons, affiliated with the Order of St. Dominic—she made her solemn act of renunciation and received conditional baptism on November 30, 1898, in one of the oratories of St. Bruno. On December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, she made her First Communion.

Shortly after this, Agnes made the pilgrimage to Our Lady of Fourvieres, the grand protector of Lyons and the inspiration of the Catholic spirit to be found there.

EASTER SONG

Into the garden I came,
Singing my lays,
Poor little fragments of
Easter praise.

I saw not the angels
Roll back the stone;
I stood in the garden
Alone—alone.

I stepped in the tomb
And sat on a rock,
And all of the flowers
Began to mock.

They mocked the tears
Which made me blind
To Him, Whom I had
Wished to find.

A lily whispered;
"Take heart, you can
But find Him in
Your fellow man."

Out of the garden I went,
Singing my lays,
My gathered fragments of
Easter praise.

Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Fr. Martindale.—"Whosoever wants to destroy Christianity, tries to destroy the family—no wonder, since the best way to bring a house down is to destroy the foundations. The family is the foundation of everything human: teach a human generation that a mother's love is a mere survival of animalism, or that the State, not parents, should be responsible for looking after children, and again, that the State will undertake the care of the aged, and that an adult offspring has no obligation (as it has) towards its parents, and indeed, that half the time it's better to have *no* family, and that in many cases you won't be so much as allowed to have one, then the end is near."

WANTED: A RUBBER LEG

By MARGARET COSTELLO, *Lady Minto's Nursing Association*

"I WANT a rubber leg."

This was the frequent and plaintive request of a small patient in the Mitford Hospital's male surgical ward for septic cases. It was of no use to explain that artificial legs did not grow on trees and that there was no hospital fund to help such cases—government hospitals for natives are not well provided for as wealthy Indians like to see something big for their donations. At least that is so in Dacca, Bengal.

Abul (that was his name) had been brought into the hospital with gangrene of the leg. His history read that three days previously, he had been bitten by a snake. His father, not seeing or knowing the type of snake, had applied a rope tourniquet above the knee. This had been left on for three days, until the father, seeing the condition of the leg, became alarmed and decided to take him across the river to the hospital. On the bandages being removed, the foot dropped off from the ankle into the medical student's hand. The tibia and fibula were bare of flesh to the knee, whilst above the knee where the tourniquet had been was a raw gangrenous mass—the whole thing smelling dreadfully. Of course the child was suffering from septicemia with a temperature ranging from 102 degrees to 105 degrees and a pulse rate up to 144 with vomiting.

Leg baths were given and ointment applied to the wounds. After a time, the inflammation seemed to subside and the surgeon decided to amputate just below the upper third of the thigh. The boy's temperature remained very high for nearly a month after the amputation, then gradually settled down, the wounds taking months to heal.

Abul was attended throughout his long stay in the hospital by his father, a venerable old man who looked old enough to be his grandfather, or even great grandfather. The old man made himself most useful to the other patients in the ward. He was always the first to attract our attention to other sufferers, knowing that they would get ease if at all possible.

After being in the hospital for nearly three months, Abul and his father returned to their village without the much-desired rubber leg. Although the boy spoke only a little English and the father none at all, they frequently presented us with letters written in English, not Bengali, and always containing the same request: "I want a rubber leg!" (not a wooden one). We never learned why the desired leg should be made of rubber, but perhaps he thought it would have more spring to it.

At the same time that Abul had been admitted, Rajindranath, another little boy, came in with a compound fracture which had been treated at home and allowed to get septic. They brought him into the hospital in a dying condition. The leg was amputated on admission. His temperature like the little snake-bite-boy (as we called Abul) was always high and his pulse rapid and weak. Rajindranath was a Hindu and admitted in the Women's Ward as his mother wished to stay with him and women are not allowed to stay at night in the male blocks.

I did not think that either boy would recover, but despite the fact of their being little more than skeletons, once they decided to follow instructions, their recovery was fairly rapid. They were discharged from the hospital within a few days of each other, the little Hindu boy also requesting an artificial leg.

It was exceedingly hard to refuse such requests, particularly from children, but there were other leg cases, also arm amputations and where the hospital funds were inadequate to meet all these calls, it was out of the question to discriminate in favor of one or two.

VERY RUDE

A patient came into the Mitford Hospital one day, badly beaten up by her son. The son had, at the same time, killed his wife. When the medical student was asked if the man was mad he replied: "Oh, no, but he was very rude!"

HOW ANYONE CAN EASILY HELP CONVERT THE PAGAN WORLD

IN this article in the *Mission Message,* the Rev. Henry Westropp, S.J., gives us a very lucid view of the mission problem in India today. He says in part:

"In India there are over 350,000,000 pagans, living mostly in over 800,000 villages. Hardly 5 per cent live in big cities. Of course the large bulk of these villagers have never heard of the name of Christ, have never seen a missionary, and will never see one unless some means are used to speed up the work. Living near all these villages are over 60,000,000 pagan outcasts, whose condition is often little better than slaves. These 'untouchables' are all open to the preaching of the Gospel. However, owing to the immense numbers, and the lack of both Priests and Sisters, we can look for the complete conversion of this great country in only 40,000 years, if the present rate is kept up.

"Why this should be when we consider that the Indian race is of a very lovable disposition, appreciative often to a wonderful degree, polite and almost too exuberant in its veneration and respect for the messenger of God, of a very religious character, and often, exteriorly at least, practising morality that confounds the Westerner, can be explained only by the fact that for this huge population there has never been more than a mere handful of missionary men and women that were engaged in purely missionary work among the pagans. The lack of priests and sisters for this particular work is simply incredible. When the Indian mission of Patna District—of over 25,000,000 pagans—was confided to the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus, it was one of our aims to increase the number of Indian Jesuits as much as we could. We were, however, beset by the trouble of financing this new scheme. We have about thirty—but for this $100 or $200 per year means an enormous sum in a country where the daily wage for many workmen is only 4 cents to 8 cents per day.

"Of the 350,000,000 pagans in India, over 180,000,000 are women and girls. Owing to the peculiar system in the Orient, by which the sexes are kept apart, the women and girls are usually only reached by lady missionaries. Frequently, when a man enters the house, the women have to make a dash for the zenana or women's apartments. They are usually of a very loving and appreciative disposition, but, owing to their reticence, over 98 per cent are more or less illiterate, due to the lack of female teachers, as usually they want lady teachers for girls.

"When I say that in a district of over 1,000,000 there are only a few real men doctors and one lady doctor, I am perhaps stating only something that is more or less true throughout a large part of India. What a wonderful opening there would be for Sisters' hospitals, dispensaries and girls' schools! The bulk of Sisters who have so far gone to India, are engaged mostly in purely European education. So, the mission field in this respect is to a large extent vacant. The Indian girls are of a very religious nature, docile, modest to an extreme, and are fond of their teachers. A teacher or "guru" to them is almost a divine person. Bright, talented and hard-working, they easily pick up what the Sisters teach. Above all, there is the terrific multitude. The object of every Indian family is to have children, and the black-haired sparkling, black-eyed children, often with fair faces, swarm the streets of Indian villages and cling to one with the greatest appreciation.

"Do they show an interest in the Religious life? I am not exaggerating when I say that in India it is simply impossible to receive the number of girls who offer themselves for the active and contemplative life, and this is due to the lack of funds, despite the fact that they live much more cheaply than we do. Women in India wear no shoes or stockings, and this even in the case of religious. They sit, work and sleep on the floor, use no forks, no spoons—they eat with their fingers. Clothes worn by Indian Sisters are very simple. Certainly, there is no mission field in the world so promising as India."

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community founded for the purpose of bringing medical aid to the foreign mission field. Please address enquiries to: Dr. Anna Dengel, Catholic Medical Mission House, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

We should be most grateful for any contributions of seeds, plants, or bulbs for our flower or vegetable garden.

The April Mission Intention of the Apostleship of Prayer is: "That India May Find the Peace of Christ," and the General Intention: "That Catholics May Give Good Example."